

We dug the potatoes and they turned out mighty well considering. On a piece of ground measuring one hundred and forty-four feet by twenty-four feet we raised eighteen bushels. This is a tract about the size of a town lot and the yield was equivalent to about two hundred and twenty-five bushels to the acre. And the yield was uneven. In the center of the patch were many hills that gave up at the rate of six hills to the half bushel and in one instance five hills filled the half bushel. At one end of the patch the water birches on the river bank shaded the ground and there the potatoes were few in the hill and at the other end next to the front yard where the ground was hand spaded and the potatoes planted with great care and labor, they were small and few in the hill. If the patch had been uniform we would have gotten forty four bushels. One hill had thirty potatoes in it, large and small, though we do not consider that the best hill by any means. If the patch had held out at both ends with the same sort of growth that occurred in the middle, it would have been equivalent to five hundred and fifty six bushels and one peck to the acre.

May be you do not want to read about potatoes and other things in the garden? Well, see if we care! We got a right to talk about something we are interested in once in a while, we reckon.

A few centuries ago where we now sit surrounded by all that aggravates and contaminates civilized life, the rude savage bragged about his vegetables that he raised on the same plot of ground that we now potter about upon. We know that for we pick up all manner of tools that he lost while he lived there. But we have been there some time ourselves. We are not sure that we have mentioned it before but the last generation that has appeared upon the scene at our house is the seventh that has lived on that home tract. Be ye also steadfast. Moving does not run in our family. None of them ever got rich there, but at the same time through all the changing scenes of life they have not been sold out entirely, and right now we have good enough credit at the stores to bust a man, for store accounts grow while you sleep, as the saying is, so if we are going to bust may be we had better be about it tomorrow we may be in the big road.

Of course the great change in landscape has come in the last thirty years in which a large town has been built all around us and brought in many, many good neighbors, and some others that would steal the fillings out of your teeth.

In the dear dead days, now gone beyond recall, (thank Heaven,) we raised what we eat, and eat what we raised, and if the crop failed, we did without. But in those days, there was one piece of ground running along the river bank from the bridge to the mouth of the run, containing about five acres, that we could always count on getting some kind of a crop, no matter what the season. There was not so much of a gamble in that land. It is in that stretch of land that now we'd a wicked hoe. The road on one side of the lot and the river on the other. And the mountain, just across the road. It is a great combination. The mountain, wooded, the cleared land sloping sixteen rods to the river flowing behind the fringe of trees. Trees which have such a killing effect on that end of the garden, and which we cannot bring ourselves to cut for the glimpse of the river behind the trees is such a fine sight. One time they said that everyone ought to name his home-stead like they do in England, and after much cogitation we named the place. We were reading Bret Harte at that time and he had a word that he used a good deal. A word that is used in the far west from the Spanish. It is the word "falda," or as we would say, "the foot of the mountain." Literally, the place that the level land turns up the mountain side like the hem of a woman's skirt, in the old days when women wore skirts that were skirts. So we called the place where we live at, The Falda, and it is a good name for the place, and someday we are going to tell the rest of the family that the place has done been named. About that time, we were in a large West Virginia city, or at least at large in a West Virginia city, and there met up with an agreeable travelling man who was selling fine stationary, and to promote his trade, we yielded to a momentary impulse to give him an order for expensive stationary, and he took us down for a lot of high priced stationary on which was to be engraved the name of the castle, "The Falda." This he sent in, and shortly after we got back to the falda, here came a letter from the printing house saying that the order had been sent in, out would we please verify the copy? So seeing a way out, we did not answer the letter and that was all of it. It is a good name but the pronunciation is rather uncertain, sounding something like welder.

A good deal of this land is wasted to give room for the house, but enough is left to raise vegetables on. — In size between a garden and a patch, — a little large for a garden and not quite big enough for a patch. And there is connected with the history of this garden a peculiar case of retribution. In those days, thirty-six years ago, the old place had two miles of the river front, yet the only land that as a boy we ploughed was a few furrows in this garden where we still all summer and the lumps are still there to torment us. In the five acres that we were speaking about lying between the bridge and the run, we used to get a few loads of corn and a few bushels of wheat, worth not more than a hundred dollars in any one year. But this year there are nine gardens in that

stretch of ground, to say nothing of eight houses that take up room. And those were gardens! We estimate that a low price to set on the value of those gardens this year would be twenty-five hundred dollars. Take our effort — it seems to us that it was worth at least five hundred dollars cash money, for the old order changed, and if there had not been food to eat out of the garden, the seneschal would have sent up town and bought and bought. So it is a case of root hog or buy. It takes money to travel with a delicatessen.

We hear that in Ireland, that a good supper is a pot full of potatoes set in the exact middle of the table where all can reach and take out and eat. Persons filled up with such a supper feel just as if they had dined with the whole menu from canteen to ice cream.

In a former article, we extended ourselves on one of the deadly nightshades, to-wit, tomatoes, until we had no room to speak of other things. The tomato season lasted this year at our house from the garden from the 15th day of July, to the 1st day of October, with a few stray plants still bearing, which is an unusually long season for that uncertain crop. They have finally decided that the tomato is a fruit and it is a good thing for fruit is fruit this year, and that is about the only kind of fruit that is being passed around the table.

Today we desire to take up another member of the nightshade family, and a more deadly one, the potato.

Like the tomato, the vines do not make good forage for stock, and when a potato, or tuber, or internode grows above the ground it turns green and is poisonous. Probably in its wild state all potatoes grew above the ground and were not fit for food, and it is only by growing under the ground that they have become of any use to man. Therefore it has become the custom of many of our best gardeners to bury the potato so deep and to hoe it up so diligently that it is well nigh smothered and when they excavate the mounds in the fall they find that the crop is not there. We advance the theory that shallow planting is the thing, that is comparatively shallow planting, and that they ought to be hoed up just sufficiently to give tubers a covering from the sun, and that the right amount of earth is indicated when the potatoes crack open the surface of the earth just before they reach their greatest dimensions. In this case soil will be exposed and but it is much better than to bury them so deep that the crop is a failure.

In our family some are for digging in the seed potatoes so that the plant expends all its energy in escaping from the earth and it never gets a chance after that for the man with a hoe comes by and covers it up again. These are the diligent and industrious gardeners, and they have fine looking hills but no big yield. But for us we belong to the school that believes in shallow planting and just for the sake of argument this year in the same ground we tried both ways, and the shallow planting was a great success and the deep careful planting was a failure.

Another thing, some want to drill their potatoes and others have them in hills. We tried that too, and the hills were fine, and the drilled potatoes were about half a crop. So we are ready to assert at this time until we have reason to change that potatoes ought to be planted in rich ground in hills four feet apart each way and planted shallow, that is, about as deep as a good deep planting of corn. And it is no bad idea to work the ground thoroughly after they are planted and before they come up.

We know by experience that potatoes planted this distance apart in hills will soon cover the surface of the earth with vines so thoroughly that there will not be room to walk between the rows, much less do any cultivation without moving and disturbing the vines to a very considerable extent. So the weeds and grass is bound to take them if your land is weedy.

And we lay it down that without vines you are not going to have potatoes. When you plant potatoes you do the same thing as when you plant a willow tree by sticking a branch in the soil. The piece of potato that you put under ground has a bud on it called an eye. From this bud a branch grows that at first feeds on the starch and other stuff that is in the potato and finally takes root and the green leaves appear above the top of the ground. And between the root and the leaves, and under ground if planted right, the vine puts forth branches which thicken at the ends and become tubers or potatoes, and these grow small or large according to the chances or the season, freedom from disease, and whether the vines are plentifully supplied with carbonic gas. They say that they are going to grow potatoes as big as pumpkins with carbonic gas and the Germans since the war ceased have become so expert in the use of poison gas that they now have great fields piped for this gas which they have raised the greatest crops ever seen on the face of the earth. They feed the gas to the plant as it needs it.

The idea is to increase the carbon, the main solid constituent of plant life. The presence of an adequate supply of carbon is indicated in the growing crop by deep rich green in the leaves, or what we call good color. If this color be absent the poorest farmer knows that the plant will not yield.

It is not likely that the time will come when the fields in these deleterious mountains will be piped in squares below the plowline to let gas out at each hill as needed, so the thing to do is to use natural means of carbon fertilization. One scientist has said that the volume of carbon in the air greatly exceeds all that is stored in the vegetable matter growing upon the surface of the earth. And this carbon is present in the purest form burning in centers as Grafton and Ronceverte where you can chew it out of the air.

If then the soil is second or as we say fertile, there is a constant exap-

oration of carbonic acid gas which the leaves of the plant take up and retain the carbon and breath out the useless vapor, and this feeds the grain, fruit, seed, or tuber and there is something at the end of the season to harvest.

In our garden with the intensive cultivation, there is only one way to supply the plant with adequate quantities of gas, and that is to stir the surface of the soil so that it is free from incrustation. Take the cabbage with its immense growth. There is but one rule and that is to work the ground every day that the soil is dry enough. Of course rain prevents incrustation, and hence the proverb, more rain more rest.

If the top of the soil is loose the under surface carbonic acid gas rises freely towards the leaves and feeds the plant. In the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post, is a statement that experiments show that in a period of seventy-eight hours that three times the amount of gas was emitted from a surface continually broken, as was given off from an incrustated surface.

So you see there is a catch in it. It means that the ground must be worked by the sweat of your face, and that all the good that scientists can do is to tell you to grow callouses on your hands with a hoe handle and you will have a good crop. But mark the observation there must be some sort of life or humors in the soil or this gas will not be given off and this brings us to the defense of the weed.

We are for the weedy garden in the fall and consider all other kinds to be as whitened sepulchres. Work your garden twenty or thirty times until the crop is raised and then let it go down into winter with a heavy growth of weeds on it. Fall is the time for weeds my fellow citizens and it covers the earth as a mantle and insures a good crop for another year. It is all right to sow rye or wheat and it looks mighty pretty when you get a good stand and the best gardeners use this plan, but after they have got it done they have a poor imitation of nature's way of keeping life and health in the soil. They go to great trouble to make the garden as bare as a tennis court in fall and the next year being diligent they have to build it up again, whereas if they would let the weeds take it, they would have, with one tenth the trouble and expense, a better garden plot for the next year. In today already walks tomorrow. When you get a whaling big crop of a bit of ground let the warm fall days provide a fit and proper covering to keep the earth alive for another year.

We know gardeners who would as soon see a snake in the garden as a weed, but we belong to the school that holds that weeds are necessary to the life of the soil, for you have either got to have weeds to keep life in the ground, or some expensive equivalent. Of all the weeds in the garden we prefer the fall grass, a sort of mysterious growth that mats on the ground and looks like it would make a good crop of hay. This year it has taken the place, and when the potatoes came to be dug, it was like taking them out from under the sod. But the potatoes were there, and the grass indicated along with the other weeds that it was just as good or better for another crop next year.

Another thing that we want to say about potatoes while we have this space, for we may not get another crack at the subject any way soon, and that is that in this country the early potatoes do much better than late potatoes. And we have a theory about this, and that is that it is the nature of the crop, and that the potatoes belong to the forepart of the season. Look at the trees. Some will put forth leaves at one time and others much later, and if man tried to change the season for a tree, he would probably kill it. Potatoes are nothing but a kind of wood. And in the spring they are going to grow whether they are in the barrel or in the ground. Plant potatoes late and you have a bit of wood that has either been gradually starved by exposure to the air. It is no wonder that it is attacked by disease. It was half dead when planted.

It might be that potatoes that have been carefully kept in cold storage would be in a healthy condition to plant, but the chances are that the potatoes that are kept around the average house will deteriorate with every warm day until they are put in the ground to reproduce. If a potato is left in the ground over winter it will come up at a certain time early in the season and that is the natural season for potatoes.

Administrators Notice  
All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate of James W. Aldridge, deceased, are hereby notified to make immediate settlement with the undersigned administrator. All persons holding claims against the said estate are requested to file the same for payment with full legal proof attached. Given under my hand, this the 19th day of September, 1921. F. M. SYDNOR, Administrator of James W. Aldridge

NOTICE  
Any persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of W. P. McComb or A. H. McComb, will please prepare to settle at once. W. P. McComb, A. H. McComb, Huntersville, W. Va.

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At corner of Main Street and Seneca Trail. AUTO LUBO ENGINE OIL. Try it.

Sewing Machine For Sale  
One Singer sewing machine, drop head, and in good condition, for sale. Apply to Mrs. Florence Lynch, Upper Camden, Marlinton, W. Va.

MUSIC CLASS  
My music class will begin for the coming season on September 26th. All pupils desiring to take will please notify me as soon as possible. Mary Frances Bratton

FOR SALE—As I am going away, I will sell the following at private sale: Ford 5 passenger car, 26 head of sheep, 125 acres of timber land, would consider an exchange of the automobile for a roadster. A. H. McComb, Huntersville, W. Va.

Notice  
After this week the Amusu Theatre will be open only on Thursdays and Saturday nights during the continuance of the Revival.

WANTED: An experienced teacher for Mt. Zion school, Huntersville District. Board very reasonable. Apply to C. P. Pritchard, Sec'y B. of E., Huntersville, W. Va.

Seventh Annual Meet of the Great Alleghany County Fair  
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Four Big New York Hippodrome Acts in front of Grand Stand twice daily. The greatest fire works displays ever shown in this part of the State every night and on Thursday afternoon.  
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Lots of Horses, Cattle, Farm Products, Poultry, Fancy Work, Etc., Etc., Etc.  
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We have for sale 16 head of draft horses in weight from 1300 to 1700 pounds. Will sell match teams or single horses. If you want a bargain in horses come and see us. WILLIAMS & PIFER Lbr. Co.

NOTICE  
All persons are hereby notified not to trespass by hunting, digging roots, gathering herbs or in any other way on the lands, enclosed and unenclosed owned or controlled by the undersigned. No permits given. Samuel and O. Hunter Kee. Until Dec 1.

NOTICE  
My son, Robert Combs, has left home without cause. I hereby notify the public not to harbor or credit him as I will not be responsible for any debts he may make. F. C. Combs, Rimel, W. Va.

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New River Mine and Kanawha egg \$6.50 a ton in lots of five tons or more. Single tons \$6.75. These are delivered prices in Marlinton. WISE HEROLD, Marlinton, W. Va.

Executor's Notice  
All persons knowing themselves indebted to the Estate of W. B. Freeman are hereby notified to come forward and settle with the undersigned at once; and all parties holding claims against the said Estate are notified to present the same to me for payment with full legal proof attached. Given under my hand this 13th day of September, 1921. John W. Goodsell, Executor of the last will and testament of W. B. Freeman.

HOUSE FOR SALE—One of the best dwellings in Marlinton, 10 rooms and bath, basement and steam heat, well located on Camden Avenue. Mrs. M. L. ISBELL, Marlinton, W. Va.

FOR SALE: 500 locust posts on siding at Violet station. Will take 20 cents a post. If interested come and look at posts or write me. D. B. Kellison, Seebert, W. Va.

WANTED: A woman to do general house work for small family. Reference required. Apply to E. N. Lee, Ronceverte, W. Va.

Special Sale of Marble and Granite Monuments  
We have cut all prices on monumental work sold during the month of October for erection this Fall. Our stock is the largest carried by any dealer in this section and we guarantee the best of material and workmanship. We have an agent in this section who will be glad to show you designs and prices, or write us direct.  
Our present prices will not be equalled next year as we have made sharp reductions throughout. We cannot afford to carry such a large stock as we now have over until spring.  
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DOG LOST: I will give \$5.00 for the return, dead or alive, of my dog which left home on August 23rd. Young black shepherd, with collar; white ring around neck, white breast and white tip on tail. P. M. Pritt, Denmar, W. Va.

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